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COLOPHON

The Toike Oike is produced using three bitchin' PCs and a Mac. Often, they will engage in pretentious arguments over who has better features and is easier to use. When the dust settles, the result is a veritable 'Odd Couple' of cross-compatibility. Sometimes, it looks retarded.

WHAT HO?

The Toike Oike is a covert organization committed to the proliferation of humour at the University of Toronto. It is our mandate to insist that your education is NOT about your career so much as it is about shaping your outlook on life to come. So lighten up, sit back and have an iced tea (make sure it's green tea- antioxidants are good for you). Our ranks are filled with zealous revolutionaries from both Engineering and Arts & Science. We meet every month following distribution. Viva la Nintendo revolution!

DISCLAIMER

The radical, ultra right-wing opinions expressed in this newspaper reflect those of the Engineering Society and the University of Toronto. In fact, they even reflect the opinions of the writers. NOT! If you happen to find any of the material within these pages offensive, do not try to sue us, as we have a crack team of racially diverse lawyers ready to bring the pain and give out mix tapes. Sucka MC's ain't shit.



University of Toronto Students' Union

EDITORIAL

So... it's the last issue, thank Sweet Jesus. This is the last time I have to bull shit three columns worth of words and filler pictures. Not to mess with tradition, let us commence with the bullshitting:

I have had enough of fucking rickrolling. Yes, it is a good song, and yes, it was amusing. But that's the keyword there: was amusing. I've had enough of that shit. And I'm sorry to everyone in the Atrium who had to hear that song really loud for a really long time because they fucked up my laptops so I couldn't get rid of it or mute the volume. FUCKERS!

Now that my rant-y rant is out of the way, let's talk about some happier things. Like:

The year is almost over! YAY! Sweet, sweet summer break is almost upon us and I am ridiculously happy. And if I'm happy about something, I naturally assume everyone else is (may not exactly be true).

Director elections! By the time this issue comes out, my successor may or may not have been elected. Thank all deities available that my job is done here. Good luck with this, [enter successor name here]... sucker.

My staff! Alright, I might as well take this time to thank all you guys... and yes, you'll be getting patches! Stop bugging me about them (Patches can be sold to non-writers for the low, low cost of \$2 a pop). You'll be getting them at a future undisclosed time along with your extremely thoughtful presents.

Stolen Toike! That rant about how crappy all my issues are was funny. I'd be offended, but how could anyone stay mad at John McLeod for very long? I did have three of his children. LOVE YOU FOREVER JOHN! But for realz, stay the hell outta the West Side if you don't wanna get all shanked-up in your grill. You be warned. Don't mess with them Etoicco bitches.

Random Knowledge! I feel this is a time when I must impart some sort of knowledge that I may or may not have attained during the year:
- EngCom ALWAYS smells like beer, sweat and shame. No matter the time or day of week. Just... accept it.

- Speaking of EngCom, late Friday nights involving drunk and/or high Toikers plus music = amusing. Very amusing.

- I need to stop declaring myself ruler of various inanimate objects. Just because I say you must pay a tax to use the sink, doesn't mean people will. The serfs will rebel people, they will rebel.

- I think that's all the knowledge I have learned this year. Oh, and Lego's fun.

Snap, mnotherfuckers, snap.

Vesna Cemas
CHE ITO

P.S. Keep outta my shit.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Hello retards,

- a Disappointed Reader

I read your March issue and almost cried tears of pain and dissatisfaction. I couldn't even shit happy that night. The Toike is going downhill. Currently the entire paper is retarded, with some sections reaching into the "humans made this?" region. The Comics section is especially bad. The fucking Family Circus cartoons are more humorous than that collection of squirrel-fuck you incorrectly name "Comics". Today is your lucky day. I propose a solution that is so simple even you handicaps can understand it. All the engineers without ADHD should send in the funny doodles/sketches they make during lectures. I feel misrepresented by the bullshit you print, this needs to change.

Yo

*I don't eben give a fuck anymore.
Gat a problem? I don't care.
Maybe you should jain and quit
your belly achin, melan head.
Dumbass.*

Vesna

Dear Sir/Madam,

How do I take part in this lucky draw?
8675309= jenny's number?

Thank you

Wister

Dear Wister

You are dumb.

That is all.

Vesna

Dear editor,

I remember this one time last year when the stolen toike was put in the real toike and it was funny because they 'stole' it and put it in without anyone knowing. do you remember that? Why didn't that happen this year? It would have been awesome, because the toike would have been 28 fucking pages. What the hell is wrong with you? I'm disappointed.

Peter

Dear Peter

I'm sorry. I ruined life for everyone.

Vesna

Dear editor,

Yes. Yes you did.

Peter

So... we were really busy this month, with tests and shit, so we decided to 'borrow' material from different publications. It turned out pretty bitchin', actually.

Next Content Meeting: Fuck if I know. This ain't my shit anymore!

Will provide mockery and a bitch-slap if anyone comes up to me and says "Hey! You should put that in the Toike" or "When's the next issue coming out, Vesna??" or "I want a Toiking page!" Goddammit, stop annoying me with this shit! It's not my problem anymore, biatches! SNAP!

FEATURING BEIJING '08!!!

TIME



Swifter



Higher



Stranger



KIM JONG-IL

Kim Jong-Il was born on February 16th, 1941, in a mountaintop cave in North Korea. Or in the Soviet Union, no one is sure. Raised by pumas and rabid mountain goats, our "Dear Leader" grew up fierce and soon became the leader of North Korea. Always the overachiever,

he is also the Supreme Commander of the Korean People's Army, General Secretary of the Workers' Party, and host of Korea's own "Super Special Awesome Non-Oppressive Fun Time Show". He has often described himself as "a vely ronery man" and "the one true Bond virrain". Of

course, he is quick to point out that he is superior from Blowfelt and Goldfinger in that he has succeeded where they have failed, and is terrible at poker. Also, for Christmas he would like a kitty.

One of Kim's greatest accomplishments to date has been the Taep'o Dong Missile, a to-scale replica of the Commander's formidable package. As a self proclaimed "internet expert", he is the only person in Korea qualified to surf for porn, which he says has given him the most intimidating penis in the country. When the missile failed 45 seconds after lift-off, Kim made a public announcement to ensure the public knew it was intentional. "When dealing with the 'Jong Dong', the pressure is sometimes so intense that 45 seconds is arry you need."

This is technically Kim Jong-Il's second consecutive year of winning this honour, since last year the Person of the Year was...everyone. Lazy writing if you ask this humble journalist. This coveted title was awarded to Kim primarily for successfully taking the world hostage this past year without anyone noticing. The lesson we can learn from "Dear Leader" is that if you threaten people with nuclear missiles, you can get whatever the hell you want. By utilizing logic often associated with distempered five year-olds, Kim Jong-Il effectively forced the western world into giving him oil and the rest of Canada's egg-salad sandwich. For all these reasons, Kim Jong-Il is 2007's Person of the Year.

-Amanda Bell

CANNON

Things to Do This Summer

So another year is coming to an end and we are all going to have to figure out what we're doing for the next four months until Skule starts again. Finding a job isn't easy, even if you started in January like the career office tells you, you may find yourself unemployed and bored pretty quickly. So let me outline some options for the rest of you who currently lack employment.

Get a Shitty Job

I'm talking really shitty. Shitty as in your manager is that asshole from high school that you never got along with and is bitter because you are going to university and they are just a lame McManger so they make your life living hell. Shitty as in your "team leader" is an incompetent 17 year old that is really looking forward to his senior year of high school because this is the year he is going to talk to that girl who is way out of his league, and she is going to fall madly in love with him because of his fantastic personality that is mom assures him that he has; and then maybe if he is lucky his older brother can buy them both some Baccardi Breezers and then they will get drunk and maybe she will give him a hand job before his parents get home from work. Shitty as in to top it all off he is talking about his 14 year old sister.

This job will eat your soul. Tucking in that shirt and wearing a baseball cap while you wait for the timer to go off so you can shake the fries, will actually allow you to feel your brain deteriorate. The highlight of your summer will be when your manager loses their calculator and then gets all impressed when you do some simple arithmetic so they can figure out how many more patties they need to order. They call you a genius and you feel smart for a fleeting moment until you remember what real math is.

Loaf

This one looks pretty attractive at first until you realize four key things. First, you have no money. Second, you need money. Third, all your friends have jobs so you can't do anything until spm anyways. Fourth, doing nothing is different from procrastination and somehow is not as

amusing. Another thing to watch out for is that you may find that you have developed an overwhelming distaste for all those people that you were friends with throughout high school so spending time with them may not be as an attractive prospect as you expect. Loafing gets real old real fast, the one benefit of this is that if you loaf for 3 months it leaves you open to work at Sci-Camp later in the summer with all of your classmates that thought loafing would be great.

Get Some Engineering Hours

You need 600 hours of relevant work experience in order to graduate. This can be taken care of with PEY or with 4 solid months of full time work. Just kidding. Guess what fucks this up? Holidays. You won't work 600 hours over the summer unless they get you doing overtime, which they won't seeing as how you are useless, don't know how to do anything, and you have no experience. If you can't find real work experience just make sure you were a Restaurant McTechnician when you fill out the practical experience form.

Get a Shitty Job Each Week & Quit

This one is a luxury that not many of us can enjoy. It is reserved for those who have signed a contract to start PEY in September. You can get your shitty job, woo any attractive girls there, get their numbers, and then quit dramatically when your boss hassles you so you look wicked badass. Picture their face when you say "Fuck you, I'm an Engineer!", or "Suck my dick, I'm an Engineer!", or "Out of fries? More like I'm out of here!" While you're at it you can report all the health and labour code violations that everyone is too afraid to report. Face it, that is the closest you'll ever get to being a Superhero.

T Program/Take Artsci Courses

I guess this isn't what you do during summer so much as erasing a large portion of it. You know it's like Skule, only you've already taken the classes before... and, um, you wear shorts to class, and maybe some sandals, that sounds pretty sweet doesn't it?

-Bryan Thompson

TIME PERSON OF THE YEAR



Oh Thank God, She's Gone!

An editor, a leader, an albatross, a squeaky toy for terriers - Vesna Cemas is a lot of things to a lot of people. But mostly she is a no-good, dirty rotten liar full of non-truths who has broken my heart. That's right, I've said it now and I'll say it again. She's a Maueater, make you work hard, make you spend hard, make you horny all the time. She swaggers in to Sandford Fleming, with that embarrassing shirt you saved from grade 8, like "Dolphins make me Wet" or "I Heart Furries". She wields her clip board like the captain from Cool Hand Luke, leaving a wake of destruction and mangled frosh. She's the mother of a whorehouse of deceit - yes, you will be satisfied, like you never have before, but it's only temporary. Soon she

will be all up in your business. "Hey, have you written anything for me in the last twenty minutes? Huh?"

She'll reel you in, like she always does, with promises of chicken wings and nachos and beer. And you'll let yourself be tempted, because it feels right - just warm and right. But this warmth never lasts. As soon as you have gorged yourself on said wings, she traps you in her leathery grip and forces you into the role of distribution frosh. We, however, like to placate ourselves with the comforting sentiment that this issue is her last.

The night has just begun. We will miss tbee, Vesna.

THE VARSITY

Top Ten Infomercial Products You Truly Want

POINT

Have you ever flipped through basic cable channels and caught sight of infomercials attempting to sell you useless products you really don't need and that really don't work? Chances are everybody has, plus, if you are an unemployed insomniac alcoholic or U of T Engineering student, then I can guarantee you've seen more than your fair share. However, wouldn't the obvious answer to this problem simply be that infomercials should actually sell stuff that works? Shouldn't infomercials actually try to sell us things we really need or really want? Thinking this through, I compiled a list of products that would not only sell like hotcakes, but would also be useful and sought after by the general public.

1. Aphrodisiac Cologne/Perfume: Imagine the market out there for high quality aphrodisiac scents in which you could attract anything and everything with just a little dab behind the ears. Scents so potent in fact, you'll be running like Neo in The Matrix to avoid the hordes of people vying for your love.
2. Webster's Guideto Blackmailing your Calculus Professor: Now imagine a manual specifically designed by the boys down at Webster's for one-upping that Calculus professor who just won't pass you. With Webster finally making something of actual use, the skills and tricks offered up in the book can not only be used for

3. Jet Packs: Now who wouldn't want a Jet Pack? Screw the TTC; commute to school in style baby!
4. Invisibility Cloak: Maybe I've just read the Harry Potter books way too many times, but how could you not want an invisibility cloak? Imagine all the perverted, or, if you've got a conscience, vigilante work you could accomplish. You would certainly be the coolest kid on your block either way.
5. A Magic Lamp: You've got three wishes kid, use them as you please. Plus if the genie that inhabits your lamp is anything like Robin Williams, then I'm sure you'll be having G-Rated Disney adventures for a long time.
6. Disposable Spouses: No comment.
7. X-Ray Specs: Increase your perversion ten-fold with X-Ray Specs! No more sneaking into the girl's washroom or Abercrombie and Fitch photo sessions. Certified by Ray-Ban, these specs aren't just functional, they're fashionable.
8. University of Toronto Degrees: Cut down four years into four minutes with completely "authentic" U of T

degrees. Tired of writing all those essays? Sick of all those algebraic equations? Then U of T degrees are what you need! Want to graduate from U of T's prestigious school of medicine? No interviews, no all nighters; just click, pay, and practice. Want to be a rocket scientist or brain surgeon? No problem, U of T degrees has got you covered.

9. Al Gore Doll: Get helpful, influential, and monotone advice with the pull of a string. He sings, he dances, he fights global warming! Comes with Nobel Prize Medal and blue flannel suit. Batteries not included.

10. Subscription to the Toike Oike: You know you want a year subscription to the best newspaper on campus. Screw the Varsity, screw the Strand; read a newspaper that's actually concerned with important topics and current events that truly matter.

COUNTER POINT!

You know they're inane. You know you should flip the channel, but you just can't turn away. Why? Because the man in the question mark suit said so. There's something mesmerizing about the infomercial, and it doesn't matter what shit they're selling. So forget imaginary products. I'll do what the D-list blonde with the credit card sized teeth tells me too. For only four easy payments of \$29.99, you could be the master of your domain. So sit your ass down on that

couch for the next 43 minutes - this product will make you look like a douche, but you'll be the one they call when they need a brick sawn in half.

1. The Gazelle: Toned legs in only six minutes every two months! Impress your friends with enormous calves the size of basketballs. Now durable enough for couples - two can work out and embrace that perpetual swinging motion for some late-night lovin' a la Tony Little.
2. Food-Saver: I'm going to vacuum seal everything. Goat meat, lingerie, household pets, you name it. And it will stay fresh literally for all of time. I want my children to vacuum seal all the contents of my freezer at the time of my death, and I shall rest with my perfectly preserved provisions. FOREVER.
3. Ab Rocket: If this works, I want it. From what I gather, you rub your abs up and down the long centre shaft while holding on to the two spherical supports at the base. And presto, results! If the scientific animations in this infomercial are to be believed, jigging will turn my abs into sparkling mounds of pure awesome.
4. Limited-Edition-American-State-Quarter-Collection: No really, I swear this will be valuable some day.
5. Sauna Belt: Strap it around your fat ass and it melts off the pounds and stress!

6. Floam: I don't care if it's for kids, have you felt this stuff? Let alone tasted it?
7. The Only Knife You'll Ever Need: The name says it all. It never gets dull and cuts through anything! Cheese, two-by-fours, live hamsters - you name it. Order now and you'll get two! Like they say, there's no one happier than a man with two knives.
8. The Almighty Cleanse: Constipated? God will loosen your stools.
9. Hotfix: Why pay top of the line prices for your Liberace inspired tuxedo when you can make your own? Also, save money on piercing by using the gun on your nose or forearm! Like they say, you'll be bedazzlin'!
10. Magic Bullet: You can't even fathom the things I will blend with this. Every possible combination of food is going to be crushed into oblivion with the power of my mighty tool. But wait! Destroy your ex's possessions with ease, and make a mean squid-parmesan-pigeon dip.

-Marco Borelli vs. Amanda Bell

UTSU in Dire Straights

It doesn't matter what I write here because it's in the varsity and cares about UTSU. Blah blah blah I'm written by a bunch of arts and science students with proper "grammar" and "punctuation". While I'm venting you know who I hate? That guy that sits in the front of my philosophy class who thinks he is so existential, but really, he's soooooo pragmatic. You know I don't even know why I am writing it. I guess I joined the paper because I wanted to meet people and make friends because we arts students can't make friends in lecture, except for superficial ones that we swap notes with. I think I should stop writing this for the paper; this is really more suited for my little black book of poetry.

- Brogan TC

TALKING HEADS FEATURE - WHAT DO YOU THINK ABOUT THE ENGSOC SCANDAL?



Amanda Hugenkiss
4th year Econ

"The what now?"



Ivona Tinkle
Major in Exotic
Species and Minor in Outdoor
Grilling

"I would like to take that candidate and rub him all up in that butter to punish him for the bad things he's done."



Moya Buttrees
Masters Candidate in Basket
Weaving

"Stupid Engineers. I chose this program and now I live in a box."



Ollie T'booger
2nd Year Underwater
Renoissance Midwifery

"I'm for it."



Joey Joe-Joe Jr.
Shobodaa
EngCom Hobo

"As long as they stop doing all that porn in here, I'm good."



Homer Sexuol
Exotic Dancer

"Damn Engineers. They suck as tip-pers."

The Economist

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Apple Reinvents iLineup to Stay Afloat

With the American economy going farther and farther down the shitter with every red-arrow-laden close of the Dow and NASDAQ, high tech firms are searching for ways to remain viable and accessible to consumers.

That's why this week Apple Inc. CEO Steve Jobs announced of a revolutionary product that is a low-tech solution to the problem of cash-strapped trendwhores who make up the majority of Apple's smug customer base.

The "iMcool" is a small cloth-based device hearing the Apple logo that can be either sewn or ironed on to a corduroy jacket or canvas messenger bag.

"It's a great way to show brand loyalty while giving Apple enough cash to keep the lights on," said Jobs of the iMcool, set to launch in June.

The idea behind the iMcool is simple: send Apple \$200, receive the iMcool, and both parties are satisfied. "This is really going to cut down on our overhead costs, we're practically reducing our Research & Development department to zero," added Jobs.

The CEO also hinted at another product not yet ready for launch. "We've decided to concede a loss in the war against piracy." Be on the lookout for the iPatch in early 2009. Yarrgh!

- Aaron Peever

Understanding the US Housing/Credit Crisis

Economist and host of "Mad Money" Jim Cramer puts the Economy in terms everyone can understand:

"Simply put: it's pretty much the last scene in Fight Club, but it's happening in real life." - Jim Cramer



RIM CEO Jim Balsillie Talks Tech, Wizards

I recently had the opportunity of meeting with Research In Motion's high-profile Executive and failed hockey entrepreneur Jim Balsillie. I wanted to ask him about RIM's plans for sustainability throughout the recession as well as how he intends to retain consumer confidence.

Economist: Thank you for joining me today, Mr. Balsillie. I know you must have a very busy schedule.

Jim Balsillie: Yeah no problem. I can pretty much do whatever I want, whenever I want. I'm the head honcho around here.

E: Well that is true.

JB: Yeah and besides, if anyone does need me they can just drop me a txt. Lolz!!

E: Lollerskates indeed. So, Jim, tell me how business is going.

JB: I think it's pretty obvious that business is booming.

(This is a good time to note that this interview was conducted in a 12x12 room with solid gold walls, flooring made of Rembrandts and Picassos, and a diamond fountain. The chairs are 16-year-old Russian gymnasts. Mine was a female.)

E: Yes, and every day it seems you are carving out a larger portion of

the market share.

JB: You know it! Take that iPhone! You 2million unit piece of shit! I can do that in a month.

E: It's quite a feat. Can you briefly explain for our readers how it works?

JB: How what works?

E: How a BlackBerry works. Not many people actually understand it.

JB: Oh, right. Magic.

(I didn't know how to reply to this claim, so there was about two minutes of silence. During that time, Mr. Balsillie texted fervently on his 8830.)

E: I'm sorry. Are you saying that BlackBerries are magic?

JB: Hold on... One sec... there. Sorry, I was just huying Haiti. You can come visit. To answer your question, yes. We have a Gandalf helping us run the operation. He's much easier to deal with than an IT guy.

E: Amazing.

JB: It really is. Those guys have like zero social skills.

E: So, magic is real?

JB: I've really said too much. Can we move on please?

E: Sure. So tell me how RIM plans

to survive the tough economic times going on in the United States?

JB: Well it's really quite simple. We- Oh. One minute.

(Mr. Balsillie is reading a message on his BlackBerry.)

JB (cont'd): Hmm. My mom died. Now I can't go golfing. Anyways, we plan on releasing new models with lower and more affordable price points, and we are also working with cellular providers in strengthening networks across the globe so our coverage can become more reliable.

E: Maybe this isn't the best time for an interview. I should let you attend to your mother.

JB: Well there's no rush now that she's dead, but okay.

E: Thank you for your time.

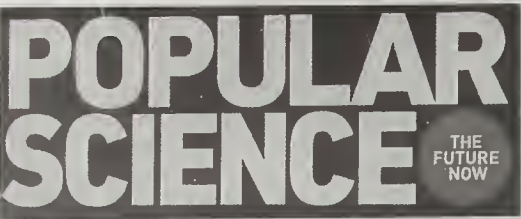
JB: You're welcome.

(At this point Mr. Balsillie disappeared. Just vanished. I helped myself to some diamonds from the fountain and let myself out.)

- Aaron Peever



(Far Left): Former executive seeks employment after Bear Stearns Went Belly Up.
(Left): The drop in housing prices has caused creative ways to unlock equity.



The Worst Jobs in Science

Barnyard Masturbator:

You may have heard of this one before but basically today's barnyard animals are so full of drugs and so over fed that they have become horribly lazy. So much so that they refuse to have sex. So if you want the next generation of animals for milk and meat you need to have someone to go in there and get what is needed for artificial insemination. The second part of the operation is not included in this article but I suppose you can figure it out.

Odor Tester:

When deodorant or mouthwash companies need to test the effectiveness of their products, only a human nose can decide if a product is ready for sale. Since there is no official stinko-meter, paid noses have to sacrifice themselves in a trial by fire test. Various test subjects are given a couple of bucks to eat various gas and stink inducing foods or run on a treadmill for some time and are then given a shot of the test product. These subjects then breathe, fart or wave their pits or feet in the faces of judges who must determine how well the odor has been covered up.

Kansas Biology Teacher:

You probably heard all the jokes about how all people from the Southern United States are all backwards talking, God fearing pig rapists. It turns out that these aren't just racist stereotypes. Well at least the part about God fearing is the true, I'm not sure about the pig rapist part but I don't really want to look into it. You may or may not have heard that back in 2000 the Kansa school board removed the teaching of Evolution from the curriculum. There were even some reports that in certain districts Pokemon were banned because of their "Evolution" aspect. Eventually this decision was overturned in about a month thanks to the 5% of educated people left in Kansas. Even though evolution is still officially on the curriculum the debate rages on and don't think this is an isolated event. There have been reports that Texas and Alabama school systems are considering going down the religion only path just like Kansas did.

Fistula Feeder:

In case you don't know a fistula is a metal ring that is placed in the stomach of cow so that someone can easily access the cow's stomach from the outside. Why someone would do this I have no clue but they say it is for health reasons (I'm a bit suspicious about this because everything I know tells me that a hole in you skin directly to your internal organs is bad for you). Apparently farmers like to test the health of their cattle by taking samples from their stomachs to ensure digestion

is working properly. The hole can also be used to remove metal when the cattle eat nails off of the fencing like the idiot walking stalks of corn they are.

Orangutan Pee Collector / Whale Feces Researcher:

I never quite understand the obsession researchers have with animal by-products. What these people learn from it I have no idea but for some reason there is always a large demand for feces and urine from a variety of animals. Don't think the job is limited to the two animals listed above this job has potential in all parts of the animal kingdom.

Manure Inspector:

In today's modern world everything is quality controlled and of course this extends to fertilizer. The whole pricing market for animal feces is based on quality and this quality has to be assessed by individuals. Criteria for quality shit includes: fine particle size, high richness in nutrients and high ammonia content

Prison Rape Researcher:

Obviously they don't observe this while it is happening but I imagine it's still pretty disturbing to listen to the stories. How someone decides to look into this I have no idea.

Carcass Cleaner:

When a museum, laboratory or university wants a skeletal model of an animal someone has to obtain bones in order to make them. These skeletons are often received with flesh attached so someone has to scrape it off. The primary process is done with bacteria but some larger bits you just have to remove by hand.

Tampon Squeezer:

Sometimes PAP smears or vaginal exams are just not possible due to extenuating circumstances. When this happens dermis cell need to be obtained from a different source and what better source then a used tampon. Trained medical professional obtain samples by juicing it the old fashioned way, with a pair of gloves and a good squeeze.

Tick Dragger:

Essentially this is the absolute worst manual labor job in the world. Picture dragging a large white sheet through tall grass, while swatting mosquitoes and avoiding bears, and after completing about 50 drags you hand pick Lyme disease infected ticks off of the sheet with tweezers. Now repeat this motion all day long in heavy clothes and the high heat and you have the worst undergrad student job in history.

- Aleksandar Saric

Calculus Textbook

Stoked for Calculus or Taylored for Failure?

14.2 This textbook, now in its 700th edition has advanced the process of making engineering students feel like they're going to fail for sure to an art. To see this, we turn to theorem 7.5.3. But what exactly is a theorem?

(x + y)^n = \sum_{k=0}^n \binom{n}{k} x^{n-k} y^k (7.5.3)

By integrating this formula with respect to everything that's ever happened in the universe, we arrive at the following relation,

\rho \left(\frac{\partial \mathbf{v}}{\partial t} + \mathbf{v} \cdot \nabla \mathbf{v} \right) = -\nabla p + \nabla \cdot \mathbb{T} + \mathbf{f}, (14.5.4)

The following notes can be made about the above formula. It has upside down triangles, and apparently rho is multiplying lots of shit. Keep in mind that stuff equals other stuff. But flowing along, by ripping our eyes out of their sockets and turning them around to look at ourselves until we create a logical paradox, we arrive at corollary 14.1:

e^x = \sum_{n=0}^{\infty} \frac{x^n}{n!} = 1 + x + \frac{x^2}{2!} + \frac{x^3}{3!} + \dots \text{ for all } x (14.5.5)

Corollary 14.1

You are corollary invited to try to figure out how any of this makes sense. And on top of that, who actually has the last name Taylor? What if someone were to name their kid Taylor Taylor? To answer this, we apply the following version of corollary (5.4.3):

A=\pi^2 (why? Bet you'd like to know!)

To 14.5.5 to get

\iiint_V (\nabla \cdot \mathbf{F}) dV = \iint_{\partial V} \mathbf{F} \cdot \mathbf{n} dS. (14.5.6)

You are corollary invited to figure out what is going on. But now that we've established that going in something is the same as going around it, lending to some particularly interesting views about birth control, there will appear a black square for no apparent reason.



14.3

In the previous section we had fun exploring what happens when we take out our eyeballs to look at ourselves, but what happens in the more general case when we actually use our eyeballs to beat ourselves to a bloody pulp? To answer this question, we bust out our old friend, Lemma 3.4.5

\rho(\theta) = 2r(1 - \cos \theta). (Lemma 3.4.5)

Indeed, due to its shape, this Lemma is also called a Lemma bean. This lemma is part of a family of lemmas that includes lemmings and lemons, all having the property that they leave a sour taste in our mouths and we can't really follow the mathematical proofs anyway, so we may as well just be following them right off of a cliff.

But what happens if we sub the corollary of the lemma into the theorem that was the least upper bound of the Taylor expansion of the hyperbola of revolution of life? We arrive, as you may have suspected, at theorem 14.9 (that's its official name) subbed into to itself 3 times with respect to x convolved and then convoluted by various things that we assume are continuous and differentiable over some sort of range:

\nabla \times \mathbf{B} = \mu_0 \mathbf{J} + \mu_0 \epsilon_0 \frac{\partial \mathbf{E}}{\partial t} (14.3.1)

Cancelling out a bunch of stuff that just spirals about, we arrive at:

The answer to life,the universe,and everything=42 (14.3.2)

The question is left as an exercise for the reader.

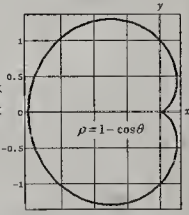


Figure 14.3.1: The Lemma Bean

- Steven Garfinkel

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THE NEW YORKER NEW YORKER

New New York Governor Confesses to a History of Sex and Drugs

After the recent Eliot Spitzer Hookergate Scandal, the state of New York has appointed his Lieutenant-Governor, David Paterson, as the new governor of New York. Mr. Paterson, 53, was sworn into the office on March 17th as the first blind, African-American governor in the history of New York. However, his leadership qualities have been thrown into question after he admitted 3 days after his appointment that he had many extra-marital affairs during his lifetime. "My fellow citizens, it is time for me to be open and honest," said Paterson solemnly at a press conference. "It is with the deepest regret that I finally admit that I have, in fact, smacked that bitch up." He then pointed to what he thought was the woman in question, which in fact turned out to be a tree.

Hesighed, and continued, "I have smacked many bitches up. Blacks, whites, Asians, midgets, hydrocephalacs, I have done them all. I am not proud of my actions or the things or people I have done, except for this one time when I did it with a midget who was also a hydrocephalac. That was a score. I mean, I hit that. I bit that raw. I hit that wrong and I bit that all night long." He then stepped back from the podium and proceeded to perform pelvic

thrusts continuously for 20 minutes while the press looked on uncomfortably.

He continued to confound the reporters by recounting his childhood experiences in hard drugs. "I will admit that I have often used marijuana, and at times, cocaine in my youth." However, he claimed that this was by accident. With tears rolling down his face, "They told me it was oregano and miracle baking powder, and that it would help me see. I just wanted to see, even if it meant shoving several pounds of powder up my nose. Is that such a crime?"

Paterson claims that he has finally disclosed his past because he did not want to leave his secrets buried in the past in order for his political enemies to dig up. Moreover, by confessing all of his sins, he hoped that people would move on from his dark past. "What's done been done. I am deeply sorry for my previous actions, but it is time for us to focus on the present."

"Seriously though, no one has a problem with me being black?"

- David Wang

Restaurant Review: Damn Fine Dining

On the way to our favorite Bloor St. Resto, we were a little worried. The storefront had just had a complete makeover, probably to make it more "in-tune" with next-doors lounge and hipster-joint Lobby. Would the house eats still be of the same great quality we had grown accustomed to?

Alas, we should never have fretted. Our server was a buxom lass named "Diane", and though her eyes may have said "fuck you" her mouth never actually articulated those words, and that is exactly the sort of great customer service that I look for in a restaurant! Added bonus? An open kitchen means that if servers try to spit in your food...you'll probably know all about it!

The house fries were, of course, orgasm personified. (this is not a reference to any after-hours sex that may or may not have happened in the back room where ingredients are stored.) With a crisp golden outside and a soft smoochy inside... these examples of salty magnificence did not disappoint!

Our Entrée, known colloquially as the "McNugget" came in a pleasing batch of six. Battered to perfection, and bleached to an agreeable white hue, truly, this white meat is the stuff of legend!

Washed down with an icy Coca Cola, frankly, I can't say that I'd ever felt so

positive about being alive!
This is what true food satisfaction can do to you.

With air perfumed with the delicate sent of an air freshener ("Cannabis Dreams", we discovered in our true reporterly way), and the music of a truly skilled homeless man floating through the room... we all agreed, this food space truly took out all the stops on its quest to be a truly great eatery.

If anyone ever asks you where you would like to eat a quality Toronto Lunch, don't hesitate to say "McDonalds on Bloor!" you won't regret the experience, in fact, you may even leave culturally enriched as well as nutrient filled!

Complete meal for ten dollars, including tax and a tip, without coupons. Average main course is 5 dollars. Only licensed if you bring your own booze. Secretly. In a flask. Or a water bottle. In your pocket. Don't know if this place was wheelchair accessible. This is mostly because I'm an ignorant bigot who only thinks of herself, and doesn't bother to check shit like this out. Washrooms definitely exist in this place though, don't worry, I did scope that out. And they weren't totally unhygienic! SCORE!

- Heather Gilroy

New Hospital Means More Healthcare

We in New York are blessed to have another hospital, Temple Beth Sinai Shalom Memorial, and it stands out as a shining example of what our healthcare facilities should be. They have just completed their first fundraiser, raising \$160 million from a record three donors, and it shows. Walking into their eight story atrium, the care that has been put into the thousands of stained-glass windows is apparent. You'll be immediately greeted by several Picasso's, which I find quite inappropriate given the circumstances; a hospital is more of a place for Rembrandt. A nine-tiered fountain completes the ambience, complemented by a sculpture made from diagnostic equipment in working order taken from less fortunate hospitals.

Care is of a high calibre, but that is to be expected just from the name. Their recent hires include many famed cardiologists, surgeons and neurologists, notable among them being famed cardiologist Dr. Jacob Goldner, neurosurgeon Dr. Jacob Goldstein, head of diagnostics Dr. Jacob Goldman and disease expert Dr. Jacob Goldowitz.

Of course, this care comes at a price. Those residents of the Upper East Side and the Hamptons should have no problem, but those in Harlem and the Bronx may elect to have their surgery elsewhere.

To get a thorough review of the care, I had

a tumour inserted into my kidney and checked myself in. My room was spacious and afforded me magnificent views of the bay as I lay on my goose-down pillows. I did get into a bit of a conflict at the beginning, as the violinist assigned to my room had a preference for Mahler, while I am more of Mozart man.

The surgeon was affable during the pre-op appointment, and gracefully handled the issue of why I had surgical wounds on my abdomen when nothing showed up on my history. I arrived in the operating theatre and was promptly prepared for the operation. After checking my credit rating, the anaesthetist put me under before the first incision was made.

Several hours later I came to and was informed that the operation was a resounding success. I was discharged two days later, and received my itemized bill for \$32,000, plus interest. I would recommend to anyone with any ailment, who is not African-American, to come for a stay. There is but one thing you should watch out for; this hospital may be opulent, but it is still a hospital - the food was terrible.

-Alex Christianson

New York Life

Strolling the bitch'n streets of New York City, like the great and cultured example of North American humanity that I am, I was truly thankful for the blessed entity that is New York. People often wonder, what exactly makes New York City so great, so fabulous, so unlike anything else in the entire world? The answer is New York culture. And how did that culture come to be? The answer is awesome, and only a knowledgeable person such as myself could have possibly done the insightful and scrupulously fact checked research that could reveal the necessary and very true answer.

New York culture was in fact invented single handedly by Edward Swicher, a Russian spy and renowned sex god who kicked huge amounts of popular ass during the early years of the cold war. He mellowed in his later years, but not before he made NYC culture in a test tube, and proceeded to unleash the beast upon the free lands of America. At this point, James Bond showed up and beat his commie ass, (a fact) but Swicher was just too smooth a dude, and so he won this one. The facts were changed dramatically, and down

right inverted, before being leaked to the British public. This is how the James Bond series AND New York Culture was born in one fell swoop of international conspiracy.

The MET? Liberty? Sex and the City? Historical documents, photographs, and liars will all tell you differently, but don't be fooled. It all started out in one crazy little test tube.

And so it is, that as I walk down these streets, packed to the hrim with New York Culture, I can't help but to feel grand. Swicher may be dead, but his spirit lives on, the New York Spirit.

From the hobos to the hipsters, trust me, it was all meant to be. Don't ask me if it all worked out the way it was supposed to, or what it could all possibly mean. Or what exactly my sources were. Just trust me on this one: it was definitely all the communists doing.

-Heather Gilroy



NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC

Squirrels: Satan's Evil Henchmen

Don't deny it. At least once before you've been walking through Queen's Park (or not Queen's Park, but some other park) and you've spotted a squirrel staring at you. You brush it off and tell yourself that it was just a coincidence: He was just scanning his surroundings for some nuts or acorns to collect. I'm not fooled by

around an evil squirrel table and make evil squirrel plans to cause pain and strife to humankind as a whole. High gas prices? Squirrels. Political scanda? Squirrels. That fire that happened on Queen st.? Squirrels. The fact that Engineering is the bane of mine and everyone else's existence? Squirrels.

9/11? Squirrels. Despair and agony? Obviously those damn squirrels! Do you actually believe that crap they wrote in the Book of Genesis about it being a serpent that tempted Adam and Eve and got humanity banned from the Garden of Eden forever? If so, you're wrong! It was the fucking squirrels! Now, I understand that there will be tons of people who will disagree with my exposure of this conspiracy because squirrels are "too cute to be evil" or they're

"too small to actually do anything," but when those god-damned, furry sons of bitches overthrow the government and set the entire earth on fire, I'll be there to laugh at all of those doofi (plural of doofus) who said that those little Satan-rodents were too adorable to be able to conspire.

- Peter Raimondo



those bushy little tails or that cute little way they wiggle their fuzzy little noses or the adorable way they munch on seeds and other various legumes, though. I know their dirty little secret. They're evil, satanic animals that are up to absolutely no good, and they're the source of all things bad in this world. I don't doubt that somewhere there's a secret tree-top squirrel-alliance lair where they sit

Mythbusters Declared Gods - Worshipped By Engineers and Scientists

What began as cult of procrastinating engineers on a DC++ binge has slowly converted the international scientific community to "Mythticism" - the devout worship of Jamie Hyneman and Adam Savage, hosts of the Discovery Channel series Mythbusters.

The holy teachings of Adam and Jamie, verifiers and destroyers of scientific folklore, seek to explain creation, spontaneous combustion, and all other aspects of life through ad hoc experimentation during their weekly televised sermons. Recorded miracles of Mythicism include being shot underwater, surviving quicksand, and flying a lead balloon.

Last week the high priests of Mythicism - the Holy Trinity of Kari, Grant and Tory - unveiled the commandments of the new faith including the Golden Rule. Thou Shall Not Try This at Home. Converts have been streaming to laboratories seeking baptism in ballistics gel and blessings in the ashes of controlled explosions. The Holy Doctrine of Natural Selection has been applied to purify converts standing too close to the

consecrated shooting range and hazardous zones

These worthy worshippers, or Mythtics, may be identified by their prominently displayed orange moustaches and berets. Mythtics may be heard chanting the Mythbusters hymn, "We are not worthy. We will not replicate!" or praying to the Virgin Grant for satisfying explosions. In addition, millions have begun pilgrimages to Mythbusters Holy Places including the grave of Buster, the ballistics gel martyr. Buster was created, destroyed and resurrected by the Mythbusters on numerous occasions during Adam and Jamie's quest for scientific nirvana. Buster now lies buried in an undisclosed tomb plastered in blueprints and love letters to Kari.

Skule is currently collecting donations for a monument in honour of Buster by passing a bard-hat around Con Hall. When asked to comment on their spiritual initiative, Mythtics responded enthusiastically, "Come join the revolution! Suck it Scientology!"

- Kasia Suwka

ON AFRICANS AND IMMIGRATION

So here I am, my first day on location in Africa, the National Geographic having spent more than a year's worth of beer and wings money to send me here, and already I'm fucking pissed off. It's hot, it's poor, and the whole continent is full of filthy stinking *ig***s. They even had the nerve to try to share a cab with me on my way in from the airport. What the hell was the Toike thinking, sending me here to learn about why they choose to come to Toronto? I check in to my 'hotel', cover myself with an insect net, and try to calm down and get some sleep before beginning the research that's going to help me win a Pulitzer.

Now, let's get one thing straight. *ig***s really are dirty. They rarely bathe, often eat right off the ground, and are known to carry many diseases. During my walks about Northern Africa, seeing them from afar and not talking to a single one of them definitely confirmed my prejudices. I'm confident in saying that they immigrate to Toronto simply because they stand to bathe more often, eat more often, and live longer.

Apparently they didn't all immigrate though. Can you believe one of the first to come over here didn't immigrate at all

but were brought over on purpose?? That's disgusting. At least we made excellent use of them during the war. A full 32 of them received the Dickin Medal and one even received the Croix de Guerre - though why the hell they received the awards and not the men who trained them I have no fucking idea. That angers the shit out of me.

That's it; I'm leaving this stupid continent, and blowing the rest of my budget on getting absolutely wrecked on the plane home. And if I see one of these pests, one of these vermin, on the streets of Toronto, I'm going to kick it in the back of the head. In closing, you spell *ig*** with an 'I', not an 'A' as people with stupid accents and the creators of South Park would have you believe. I don't care how much they annoy you, it's PIGEONS not NAGGERS.

Fucking pigeons. Fucking stupid national Geographic

- Luke F



THE SECRET ANIMALS OF THE ATRIUM

The Atrium is like the Amazon Rainforest, or deep ocean trenches: mysterious, hauntingly beautiful and somewhat frightening. Here at the National Geographic, we wanted to bring to you our loyal readers what exactly happens during the sparse summer months here, in the Atrium.



Left: First, what seems to be a perfectly calm, empty Atrium during mid-May.
Below: then, the first stirring of awakening by the rare Atrium Bear.



Below: The Atrium Forest's resident drug pusher, the Atrium Rabbit, is making his appearance from the future.



Left: A turtle awakens from its nest, and still confused, tries to amte with the wall (below).



Left: A common raccoon emerges from its scavenging hiding place.

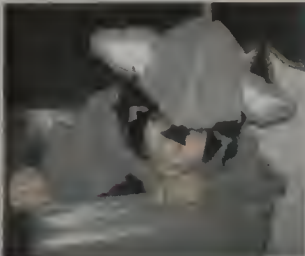


Above: The Atrium Bear, believing our photographer to be a female, has assumed the traditional mating position. It was quickly denied.



Above: The Atrium creatures happily prance around the Atrium shrubs
Right: The Atrium Rabbit, a shifty creature, is shown here trading some sort of good for some sort of currency with a Canada Dry Shrub, whilst the other creatures go about their business.

Left: An altercation between the bear and the raccoon is thankfully resolved quickly, and the raccoon resorts back to its hiding place (below).



Above: The Atrium Bunny steals the hapless turtles wallet before returning to the future from whence it came (below).



Above: The Turtle returns to its nesting place to rest and pine for the Wall-Turtle.
Right: The bear returns to his nightly ritual.



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- So like if you were like walking down the street and some one offered you 20 for a quick pop in would you
 - say you're saving yourself but say 50\$ for the backdoor
 - lift up your miniskirt and offer your "virginity"
 - do it but cry and ask for mommy when you're done
- Your boyfriend tells you to like totally lose 15 pounds or he'll dump your whale ass
 - Go to the bathroom and vomit out that diet coke you had
 - Have sex with him until the 15 pounds melts off
 - cry out the weight while eating 13 big Macs
- You run some body over in the middle of the night
 - You leave them to die, who cares they're not rich?
 - Stop the car, take their money and then leave
 - Draw a penis on their forehead before running over them again and then leaving
- Describe your underwear collection
 - Non-existent, lost it all at the parties
 - Crotchless, time is money!
 - Layers, this vagina is a labyrinth
- When ordering a drink
 - down that Jack Daniels to quickly forget all those people you already fucked
 - you don't, this breast job pays for itself
 - Shirley Temple. De-virginized.
- When your man sleeps around you:
 - Slit that ho's throat
 - Free circumcision any one?

- Supply water to the third world in the form of tears
- When you find yourself in prison, do you:
 - Find God; he's in the corner
 - come back and marry your back up dancer and have two kids
 - Adopt one of the inmates as your mother
- What is the velocity of an unladen swallow?
 - Umm I thought every swallow was full?
 - 123.76 m/s2
 - African or European?
- When you think of cocaine you think:
 - I like hate spending so much money for so little
 - It's not up my nose...
 - Mommy won't let me.
- You see yourself in 10 years as
 - In another sex scandal movie
 - Married again and another kid on the way
 - Legally drinking!

Answer Key~*~*~

If you like said A - You're the queen! You're like totally Paris Hilton! Way to be the hawtest girl ever! Don't stop drinking and fucking up, the money is totally rolling in.

If you answered B - You are Britney Spears. You are a crazy fucking bitch. Go get help. Ch and for the love of god put on some panties.

If you answered C - You are definitely Dakota Fanning. Way to be a successful youth! God knows you've done more than like the rest of us have. That's saying something considering Annie Open Legs writes here too.

- Natalia Kaplan

COSMOPOLITAN



GUY GALLERY

OMG Steve Jobs Is Like So Hawt!

Who's totally hawt right now? That's right grriz, Steve Jobs is the sexy rebel CEO with a technology empire that makes us wet. While he may be married, U can still totally drool over this rebellious Apple guru while snarfing on UR new Machook Airs. MySpace!

His Ideal Date: A night alone with Safari, and private browsing turned on.

Turn Offs: Windows Vista, people who can't tell the difference between the iPhone and iTouch, and fucking John Sculley.

Age: 53

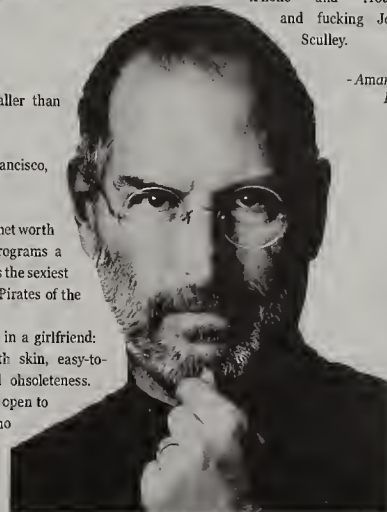
Height: 5'10" - taller than Bill Gates!

Location: San Francisco, California

Why he's so hot: A net worth of \$5.4 billion, programs a mean GUI, and has the sexiest beard this side of Pirates of the Caribbean.

What he looks for in a girlfriend: Ergonomic, smooth skin, easy-to-use, and planned obsolescence.

He prefers women open to modding and who speak universal binary.



- Amanda Bell

How to Keep Ya Man: The Bitches' Guide to Good Bread

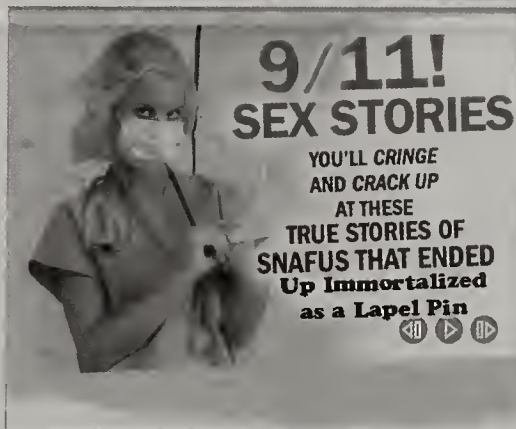
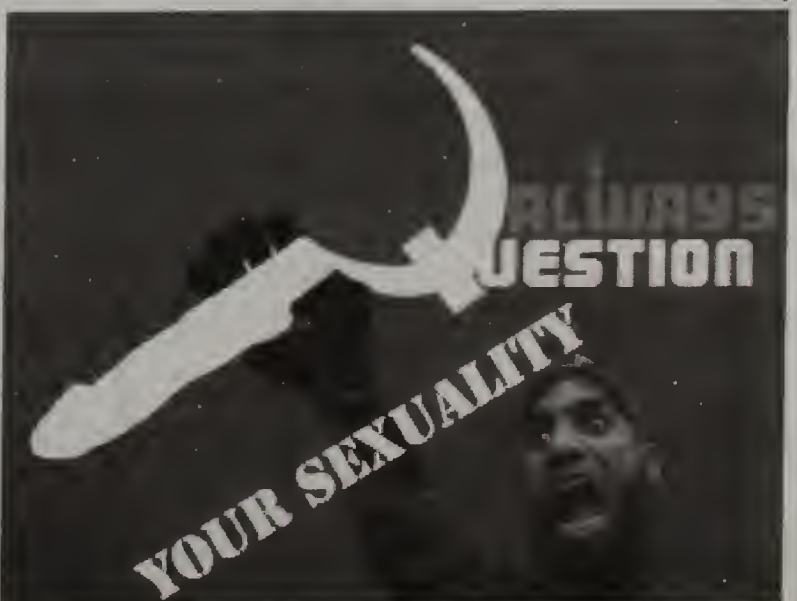
Finding a man is easy. Getting him to not be repelled by you can be tricky (tip: lie about the STDS)...but keeping him, well, that can be darn challenging. Fortunately, we at Cosmo have learned the blessed and secret way to the most secure realms of the masculine heart:

- Dispense quality Sex (more explicit instructions can be found on pg. 56)
- Serve Sandwich (note: deli meats)
- Repeat until desired result is achieved

The secret is all in the sandwich. First, you'll want some good bread. Wonder Bread brand just isn't going to cut it, so you'll have to get yourself to a half decent Italian deli, and get some awesome hunks, the ones that are crusty on the outside and soft and fluffy on the inside. As for condiments, it's always good to ask what he prefers. Remember, this is one aspect of the relationship where communication is key; and nothing, NOTHING can ruin a decent sandwich quite like messing up on the condiments can. As for meat, go heavy on it as you can never have too much. Beef, pork, ham, porketta, pastrami, salami, chicken: experimentation is a good thing, and you'll have to engage in it in order to keep the relationship from getting stale. Lettuce is optional, but the crunch can sometimes make all the difference. You'll want to avoid romaine.

Now, there are two ways to a man's heart: via penis and via stomach. If you want to increase your odds of eternal love, you'll be a true Cosmo girl and aim for both at once! (Note: wearing a sandwich board while dispensing oral sex, um, very rarely concludes.) Really, the best method is to attach a sandwich holding apparatus to his head whilst attending to his masculine penile needs. Such apparatuses can be hard to find, but a plate, superglue, and a good coat hanger can work in a pinch. He'll appreciate the effort, and your relationship will doubtlessly be eternal.

- Heather Gilroy



Is Your Baby Too Ugly to Succeed?

A study published in this month's edition of *The New England Journal of Medicine* has indicated that how attractive someone is as a baby contributes greatly to his or her success in adulthood.

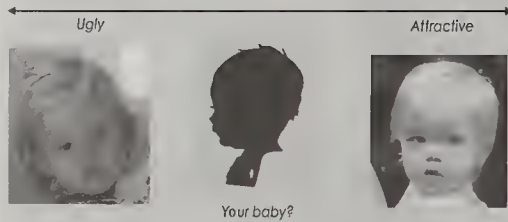
The study of 1500 babies over 18 years assessed the objective cuteness of a baby against his or her income and prison record at maturity. The study concluded that attractive babies are loved more by their parents and thus receive more encouragement and more frequent and thorough baths. Uglier babies are harder to look at and are therefore fed less and

are forced to sleep more, as parents find that the darkness is the only source of relief from the Medusa-like qualities of their unfortunate offspring.

So how does your baby stack up? Does your child have what it takes to rise to the top of the corporate ladder? Or is he/she doomed to pump gas and 'service' customers for quarters?

Try out our Cuteness scale to see if your baby is lucky enough to be a Shiloh Jolie-Pitt or if he/she is doomed to be a Violet Affleck.

CUTENESS METER



LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Dear Today's Parent

Q: I have a six-year old little boy. We are considering converting to Catholicism, and have started to go to church. However, it takes a lot of effort to get my little boy into church... sometimes it feels like an invisible force is keeping him out! And when the priest came to bless us with Holy Water, it must have been really acidic or something, because my little boy started to hiss! And where the water touched him, he got these little burns! I left that church, and found one that doesn't use any Holy Water at all... I don't want to risk another contaminated batch of water! And we recently got little Damien a haircut, to show off his adorable little birthmark: a trio of sixes on his head. Like a typical six year old, Damien wanted to show off to everyone his new haircut. So he showed it to the nun at the new church, and she got very

upset and kicked us out. Suffice it to say I won't go to that church again! So my question is how much trouble can we expect from a six-year old in church?

-Concerned Mother in New Hampshire

Dear N.H.,

This term may be thrown around a lot to describe children from hell, but for once it is accurate: Your child is the Anti-Christ. However, now that you know this, the Devil will intervene to kill you before you can kill Damien. The best thing you can do is to abandon him somewhere very far away, and hope to God you die before the carnage. Otherwise, a stern system of discipline and rewards can get children to behave very well in Church.

-T.P.

What is Your Pre-Teen Doing Behind Your Back?

As a concerned mother of eight, I try to make sure that my children get as little exposure to the outside world as possible. However, it's not always possible to keep the kids under your thumb, especially when your oldest is about to enter high school. This is a world of drugs, transvestitism, and poop jokes that your pre-teen will be exposed to on a daily basis. Of course, you could enrol your child in a private Catholic school as a safety, but there's still no guarantee your daughter isn't hiking up her kilt for lunch money in the smoker's pit. So, if you are willing to take the risk, we outline the terrifying truths about what your pre-teen is doing behind your back. Be warned, the following graphic descriptions are not suitable for the weak of stomach and fatally pregnant.

Rainbow Porties:

According to Oprah (may her glory last forever), these "parties" have been rampant throughout South America for

years, and were brought to Canada by a Chilean hooker named La Chocha. The girls wear different coloured lipsticks and fella the boys at the party, leaving rings of colour on the penis. The boys then attempt to complete the rainbow by receiving a "Blow-job" from each girl. Listen in to your daughter's phone conversations for key phrases such as "Paint job", "Leprechaun's wet dream", and "I'm reaching the base tonight".

Auto-Bubonic Asphyxiation:

The latest phase in teenagers' quest for the new high is known as Auto-Bubonic Asphyxiation, cutting off the flow of air to the brain by inserting a live rat into the mouth. Teenager's seeking the "Medieval Buzz" hang out in sewers and Taco Bells, selling high-protein, extra-furry, disease carrying rodents to your impressionable children. Look for lumps, black feet, and/or death in your preteens as a telltale sign that they're into the "Leper's Love".

Premoritol Sex:

Your kid is going to do it, and there's nothing you can do about it - unless you act now. Traumatize your children by making them watch "The Miracle of Life" on repeat, and then offer to demonstrate with your husband so that they'll "learn from the best". This should ensure that your son pictures his parents whenever he has a sexual thought. That's how it's done.

Take it from me - The key to controlling your preteen is preparing them with lifejackets and abject fear of their surroundings. Just follow our simple advice, and other parents will envy you for deluding your children so completely. And when your children do discover what goes on in the scaly underbelly of society, you can always blame it on their father.

-Amanda Bell

Creative Ways to Discipline Your Kids

With modern child protection laws many parents can find themselves at a loss when it comes to disciplining their children. Us here at Today's Parent have amassed several creative ways to discipline your child discreetly and mostly lawfully.

Beat them with a sack full of oranges- no bruises, no evidence, no problem. If you child tells his teach beat them again and tell the cops that the kid just has an overactive imagination.

Guilt- Make them think that they are responsible for everything wrong with your life. They will feel terrible and straighten out. If this doesn't work then try a more direct method.

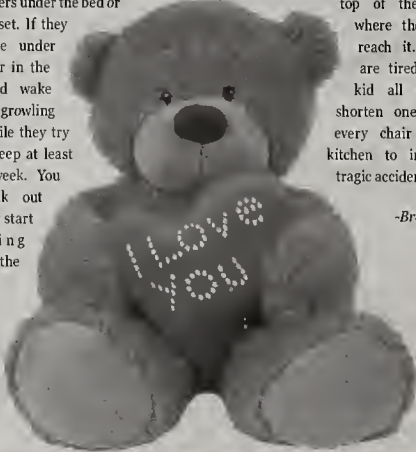
Threaten to Leave- Remind them that without you there is no food and they will waste away and die. Nothing keeps children in line like a constant fear of abandonment and death.

Take Away Their Nightlight- This only works on children if they believe in the monsters under the bed or in the closet. If they don't hide under the bed or in the closet and wake make growling noises while they try to fall asleep at least once a week. You can sneak out when they start quivering under the blankets.

Take Away Their Teddy Bear/

Safety Blanket etc.- Without it the child will go sleepless and eventually become complacent. Just put it on top of the fridge where they can't reach it. If you are tired of the kid all together shorten one leg of every chair in the kitchen to insure a tragic accident.


-Brogan TC



Reasons I Moved Away From Home: Do You Have a Girlfriend yet?

Answer: Yes

Answer: No



PLAYBOY PLAYBOY

Acid Washed Jeans

Riding the magic dragon, smoking the jolly green giant, walking on purple hills and now: putting on my underwear. That's right. Scientists have now created drugs that you can wear.

"It's the ultimate drug of choice, not only is it ridiculously comfortable to wear but there is so much acid on a single pair of socks that I can trip balls till the cows come home," says foremost scientist Dr. Hugh J. Azs.

"We ran into problems with the first trials. First off, you freaking try to put on panty hose on monkeys. Now try doing it when you're hungover. Worst idea ever to have made the lab the day after Family Day. Anyways we gave up on the monkeys and put it on my secretary. She didn't make it but it was way worth it. The bitch didn't believe me that 'giving blowjobs' was part of her contract. Now my new secretary doesn't know the difference between 'file the paperwork' and 'ride my pony', it has boosted work confidence by 63.72%!"

RANDOM THOUGHTS

Volume 3: Touch My Wii-ner, Please?

I first heard about the Nintendo Wii about a year before it was scheduled to come out when it was still being called the Revolution. I remember laughing at the fact that the new controller looked like a crappy TV remote with a d-pad and an A and B button on it. I joked with my friends, wondering what the idiot who designed the thing was thinking when he came up with the stupid idea, and I was pretty convinced that it would lead to the ruin of Nintendo. When it actually came out, I played it and found that it wasn't the complete disaster that I'd thought it would be. The new playing style, with the position recognition and motion sensors and what not—although it was somewhat cheesy and would undoubtedly make you look like a complete tool while playing—was actually kind of fun to dick around with. I played Mario Party, which was a fucking awesome game on N64, by the way, and found that the new playing style thingy actually made the game even better. There was one mini-game that I played, though, that required one to "paint a fence" by shaking the controller up and down in a way that wasn't too far off from shaking hands with the sheriff or doing the 5 knuckle shuffle. Once the game was over, my friends and I had a good laugh at the guy who won the game (not for any reason, really) and once the laughter died down a bit, I began to wonder to myself why there wasn't already a game

Designed by knock off designers in third world countries (most notably Calvin Klyne, Prada and Versachi) these comfortable clothes not only apply direct shots of LSD into my bloodstream while making my ass look like that of that Latino stripper my dad brought home the other day.

To those who argued this isn't a nominal concept due to the presence of "hemp clothes" have you ever tried smoking hemp clothes? Hell I only got high after smoking the already worn socks. Damn hippies don't know shit. It's all about science. With drugs, made from science and math.

This was done in a combined effort of the National Anti-Drug Campaign, M.A.D.D. and hundreds of slave labor children who willingly worked for thousands of hours without breaks, or pay. Or food.

—Natalia Kaplan

Recent Study Suggests Stupid People Have More Sex

Here at the Toike we like to make shit up. It's true that most of what you read here doesn't have much to do with actual 'reporting' or 'research', but just this once we've got some actual news for you. Well, OK, it's old news, but it's still news, and it may even be new to you!

A study by a group at the University of North Carolina in 2005, entitled "Sexual Experiences of Adolescents with Low Cognitive Abilities in the U.S." shows that smarter high-school aged adolescents are more likely to be virgins (50.2% were virgins with IQs between 70-90, vs. 70.3% with IQs over 110). Even earlier, in 2000, a more detailed study entitled "Smart teens don't have sex (or kiss much either)" found a very similar results—that teens with IQs 75-90 had the lowest probability of virginity.

Extending such studies beyond high-school, in November 2001, the MIT/Wellesley college magazine Counterpoint published the results of a sex survey showing that only 56% of Princeton undergraduates have ever had intercourse,

and only 49% of Harvard undergraduates have ever had intercourse, and 65% of GRADUATE students at MIT have ever had intercourse. Furthermore, they claim that at MIT, 20% of humanities majors are virgins but a whopping 73% of biology majors are virgins.

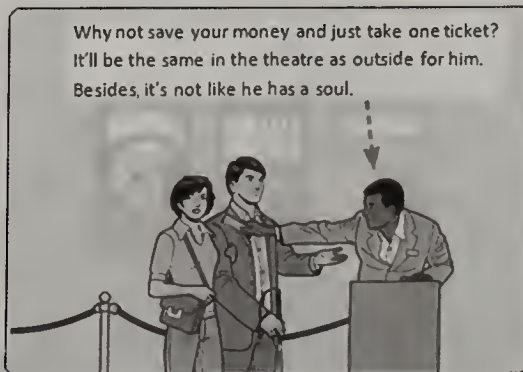
So why is this? Are smarter people less attractive? Would they rather spend time doing homework than interacting with the opposite sex? Maybe it's fear of pregnancy and/or the wrath of God that's keeping them from getting laid. No wait, that doesn't make sense; everybody knows that only stupid people believe in God, and interestingly, this kind of logic makes the most promiscuous people the most sure they are committing a sin! Who knows for sure? Perhaps the Toike should conduct a similar survey here at U of T. All I can say is that as a graduate student at U of T, I'm extremely grateful my girlfriend's retarded.

—Luke Helt

Best Places to Put a Slipslide

1. In the bedroom, if you know what I mean
2. In the office, if you know what I mean
3. In the library stacks when nobody else is around if you know what I mean
4. Down the stairs if you know what I mean
5. In a discreet motel if you know what I mean
6. In the line at Burger King if you know what I mean
7. In the shower if you know what I mean
8. At the gym if you know what I mean
9. Outside on a nice day if you know what I mean
10. In her vagina.

By: Brogan TC



By: El Motador for Playboy

The New Toikestament

University of Toronto's Humour Bible since 5000BC

The Gospel according to the prophets Aaron Peever and Brogan TC. Chapter 5, versus 1 - 4B:

Chapter 5

1 And seeing the multitudes, he went up into a mountain without the aid of a Sherpa: and when he was set, his disciples came onto him:

2 And he opened his mouth, took a drag, and said,

3 "Blessed are the hot chicks: for theirs is the body of heaven.

4 Blessed are they that put out: for they shall be comforted.

5 Blessed are the rich: for they shall inherit the earth. After all, they paid for it.

6 Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst for booty: for it is their duty.

7 Blessed are the merciless: for they shall obtain headshots.

8 Blessed are those who take mushrooms: for they shall see God.

9 Blessed are the pacemakers: for their hearts shall beat rhythmically.

10 Blessed are they which are persecuted for righteousness' sake: for they don't put up with anyone's shit.

11 Blessed are ye, when men shall hate on you, and cock block you, and shall say all manner of evil against you falsely, for my sake. Seriously, bros, I appreciate it.

12 Rejoice, and be exceeding glad: for soon Peter will be here with more brews: for so not cool those were that had more than their

share.

13 Ye are the salt of the earth: for uze has lost ur flavor. Wherewith shall it be salted? It is thenceforth good for nothing, but to be deneyed ur cheezburger, for in heaven, you can haz.

14 Ye are the light of the world. But seriously, don't be so bright Sunday morning. It's my only day off and I'd like to be able to sleep in for once. After all, it is the Sabbath.

15 Neither do men light a paper bag, and put dog poo unto it, and beset upon thy neighbour's porch; nor does it give light unto their front steps.

16 Let your light so shine before men, but when you come out of the shower, please keep your robe tied. It's a pretty ballin' robe and it will glorify your Father which is in heaven if you make sure we can't see your junk.

17 Think not that I am come to destroy the law, or the prophets: I am not come to destroy, but to honour all competitor's coupons. (One per customer.)

18 Seriously dudes, Till heaven and earth pass, don't touch my stuff.

19 Whosoever therefore shall break these commandments, he shall be considered a huge jerk in the kingdom of heaven: but whosoever shall nare on these suckers, the same shall be calld great a seriously wicked-sweet bro in the kingdom of heaven.

20 For I say unto you, you guys are solid dudes, and you are way better than those Pharisees I used to roll with. They don't have what it takes to party in the kingdom of heaven.

21 Ye have heard that it was said of them of old time, Thou shalt not pass out with your shoes on;

and whosoever shall pass out with their shoes on shall be in danger of the having penises drawn on their face:

22 But I say unto you, That whosoever is angry with his bro without a cause shall be in danger of the marker: but whosoever shall say, Thou chump, shall be in danger of hell fire.

23 If thou bring thy bring only six beers to a party, and there rememberest what thy hath done last night, thou hath ought to be cock-punched;

24 Leave there thy beers remaining before thy leaves, and to the host go they; first be reconciled to thy brother, and then come and get thy beers.

25 Agree with thine adversary quickly; if thou canst agree with him, decide the matter over rock paper scissors; Superbowl-style best of one match shall decide who is right in the eyes of the Lord.

26 Verily I say unto thee, Thou shalt by no means come out thence, till thou hast ripped the uttermost farting.

27 He who hath smelled it, 'tis thee who doth dealt it.

28 But I say unto you, That whosoever looketh on a woman to lust after her hath committed adultery with her already in his heart, so you might as well go for it.

29 And if thy right eye offend thee, pluck it out, and cast it from thee: for that would be so rad. And it is profitable for thee that one of thy members should perish, if he doth dare thee that thou couldn't do it.

30 And if thy right hand offend thee, sit on it until it all feeling

fades, and cast it onto thee: for it is profitable for thee that thy member should feel pleasure, for it totally feels like someone else is doing it.

31 It hath been said, Whosoever shall put away his wife, let him give her a writing of divorcement and some cab fare.

32 But I say unto you, That whosoever shall put away his wife, saving for the cause of fornication, causeth her to commit adultery: and whosoever shall marry her that is divorced committeth adultery. For as the prophesy declares, bros before hos.

33 Again, ye women have heard that it hath been said by them of old time, Thou shalt not forswear thyself, but shalt perform unto the Lord that which can only be done from one's knees:

34 But I say unto you, Spit not at all; and take thee not a necklace of pearls; for it is good seed indeed:

35 Nor by the earth; for it is his stool: neither by Jerusalem; for it is the city of the great doodie.

36 Neither shalt thou swear by head, because thou canst make one's hair white without it.

37 But let your communication be, Yea, yea; Nay, nay: or whatever, just don't be all ambiguous about it. I'm tired of seeing every other person on Facebook in a "Complicated Relationship." I mean, make up your mind so that I know whether or not to try and score with you.

38 Ye have heard that it hath been said, An eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth: and if ye spillet a beer, ye shall replenish it in turn.

39 But I say unto you, That ye resist not lawsuits: but whosoever shall pat thee on thy right cheek, turn to

him the other also. After all, it was intended as a compliment.

40 And if any man will sue thee at the law, and take away thy coat, be naked underneath it. It will really freak out everyone in the courthouse.

41 And whosoever shall compel thee play "Gay Chicken", go with him twain.

42 Give to him that asketh thee, and from him that would borrow of thee turn not thou away.

43 Ye have heard that it hath been said, Thou shalt love thy neighbour, and hate thine enemy. Especially if thine enemy is banging your hot neighbour.

44 But I say unto you, Love your enemies, and use them to get to said hot neighbour. You need to think big picture here. Once she sees how nice of a guy you are, she'll totally do good to thy member and them that hate you will be wicked jealous.

45 That ye may be the children of your Father which is in heaven: but you can never be sure about your own children. For he maketh his sun to rise on the evil and on the good, and sendeth rain on the just and on the unjust.

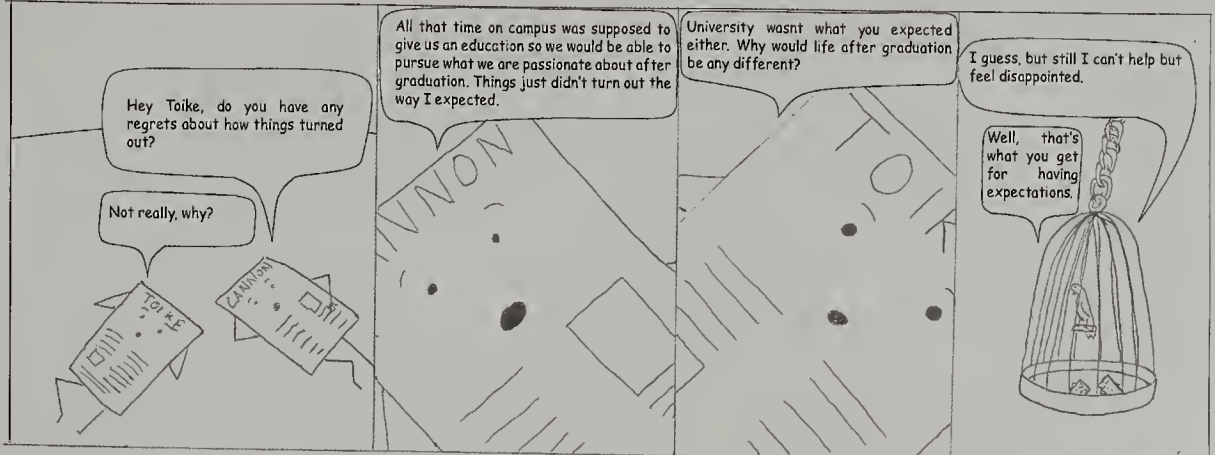
46 For if ye love them which love you, what reward have ye? Ye gets sex.

47 And if ye salute your brethren only, what do ye more than others? Ye ain't got shit besides your brothers.

48 Be ye therefore perfect with the ladies, even as your Father which is in heaven is perfect will deliver thee an almighty 'thumbs up.'



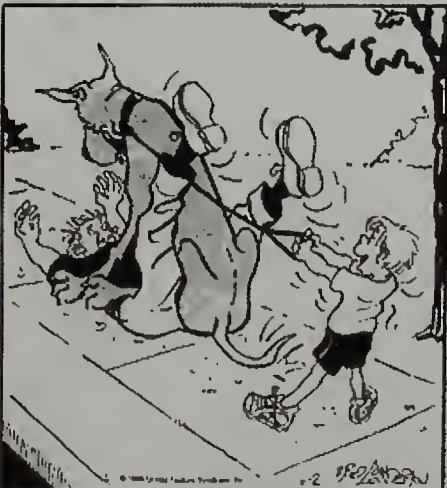
super happy funny time with Toike and Cannon



brogan i.c.



MARMADUKE



I hear beastiality is popular with the kids today



"Son, your mother has jaundice. She's dyed".

The cure for
cancer is A
Noah's Ark was
really a booze
cruise.
Noah's Ark was
really a booze
cruise.

THE
FACTBOOK



1. It's possible to drown a piranha
2. Mentos and Diet Pepsi is carcinogenic
3. Paris Hilton had a small role on Family Ties
4. Billy Crystal has eleven fingers
5. The Internet is solar powered
6. The first HDTV was just five guys in a box with some costumes
7. Some laser-disc players are blur-ray compatible
8. Four frames of "Snow White" were spliced into "Debbie Does Dallas"
9. President Kennedy had prior knowledge of his death from a bowl of Alphagetti
10. Scooby Doo was the inspiration for MacGruff, the crime dog
11. Jesse Jackson and Al Sharpton are the same person
12. Hobbits have voting rights, but do not have to do jury duty
13. It only took 400 chimps on maybe three dozen typewriters to come up with Shakespeare
14. Romeo killed Juliet for insurance purposes
15. The Fugees are overrated
16. The cure for cancer is AIDS
17. Chernobyl is to be re-opened as an amusement park
18. Onions have souls, that's why you cry when you cut them
19. Marry Shelly wrote Frankenstein about her retarded son
20. Vincent Van Gogh painted "Starry Night" with his penis
21. Julius Caesar was named after the salad, but the salad dressing and the drink were named after him
22. Laughter is only the second best medicine
23. The Silver Surfer isn't even from a coastal city
24. Two of the Power Rangers were demoted to Park Rangers, the other three became Walker, Texas Rangers
25. The bullet only actually went into Lincoln's hat, he died of grief. It was his favourite hat
26. Crystal light is Kool-Aid for grown ups
27. Satanic Verses played backwards reveal Beatles lyrics
28. Breakdancing saved the cardboard industry
29. Jazzercise killed Louis Armstrong
30. If you can't rhyme with "orange," you are uncreative, unimaginative and unglorange
31. Culture vultures can't fly. It's not hip
32. It's easier to find weed in Blue States
33. In the original draft of "Waiting for Godot", he shows up in the first act
34. Chuck Norris is allergic to gluten, peanuts, and cats
35. It wasn't a magic bullet that killed JFK, but a wizard did fire the fatal shot
36. The term 'spring training' initially referred to Stinkies
37. Photoshop has made it much easier to see the Pope's boobs
38. Missing children are just really good at Hide and Seek
39. Oedipus knew it was his mom, she just had it going on that night
40. Noah's Ark was really a booze cruise
41. Napoleon died weeks before Waterloo. It was a weekend at Bernie's thing
42. Jesus loves you! (Phone)
43. Karl Marx invented communism to get chicks
44. Fire extinguishers are better fire extinguishers than jet packs
45. Rhyming dictionaries have cheapened rap music
46. Barack Obama was in Menace II Society
47. Despite the claim to the contrary in "Superbad", the Coen Brothers have directed porn. You may have seen it, "No Cops for Two Girls"
48. Science is for nerds
49. Eddie Murphy's good to bad movie ratio is 4:1
50. Musicals are gay (The Producers, Sweeney Todd, Spamalot, and Evil Dead excluded)
51. Oprah should lose some weight already
52. Slo-Pitch is for fat people
53. Family Guy is a rip off of The Simpsons is a rip off of The Flintstones is a rip off of The Honeymooners
54. Daniel Plainview drinks your milkshake
55. Reverse centaurs are way cooler than the regular kind
56. IMDb was invented to answer every question that starts, "Wasn't he in...?"
57. HamBurglar has also been convicted of tax evasion
58. Documentaries are pretentious
59. The Godfather portrayed the mafia in a negative light
60. Orphans are hilarious
61. King Henry VIII loved head
62. David Suzuki used to campaign against recycling programs for kids
63. Wine coolers are flavoured with estrogen
64. The first chalkboard was just a dirty window
65. Mark Zuckerberg doesn't get as much pussy as Tom
66. The Mythbusters don't argue enough
67. Fun Dip is not as bad for you as your dentist would have you believe
68. RSS makes wasting time online more efficient
69. There are small amounts of crying in baseball
70. Putting flames on a hot rod doesn't make it look cool; it just simulates engine failure
71. The Care Bears harbour intense feelings of resentment
72. Archie Bunker wasn't tolerant enough
73. Polka-roo was just the other host in a costume
74. Jack McCoy made the constitution his bitch
75. Sleepwalking is a great way to get away with murder
76. E=MC2
77. Eminem isn't controversial anymore
78. Marilyn Manson did a Christmas album
79. The Ark of the Covenant is filled with iPhones, (but they are still locked)
80. Stitches ain't shit but hoes and tricks
81. Hannah Montana is a bigger slut than Milley Cyrus
82. The Nazis got carried away
83. Most mimes are dead too
84. Jenna Jameson is kind of promiscuous
85. Delivering babies underwater is cruel yet hilarious
86. The Little Mermaid couldn't put out even if she wanted to
87. The Charter of Rights and Freedoms is written in iambic Pentameter
88. Scientology should be cut some slack
89. A taco salad is more taco than salad
90. Charles Darwin's first passion was shitting on religion
91. Snap bracelets are a timeless fashion trend
92. Minorities are bad at "Deal or no Deal"
93. Sweatpants don't hide bones
94. A kitten will eat a bag of nails, if you make it